

## **eat me (let it run down your chin) by hopphorn**

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**Summary:**

Billy ends things with Steve. Sorta.

## **eat me (let it run down your chin)**

### **Author's Note:**

love to my muse, Janna. you keep me honest dearest.  
i appreciate it.

For the record, the thing with Harrington had started as a complete accident.

Like a banana peel sorta oopsie.

He hadn't even really *liked* the guy, but okay, maybe he was hot. And the heat sex had just been a one time deal.

At first.

Now? Now he knows he needs to break it off. Knows he needs to get back into the swing of reality, go hump a couple of dumb girls until he gets filthy, gorgeous brunettes off the brain.

But he *can't*. Every time he tries, he just digs himself a deeper hole.

For example, showing up trashed and all but begging for dick like a *sad fuck*, or nearly staking a claim on Harrington right then and there. Like he can *do* such a thing.

He's an omega. Not an alpha. As much as he'd love to be able to bite down on Steve's neck and leave a permanent scar with venomous, marking saliva, he *can't*.

But he thinks about it, all the time. He dreams about it, dreams about the gush of Steve's slick on his cock while he fucks him deep -- fucks him sloppy until the friction is basically *nonexistent* -- then *bites*. Sinks his teeth in until the tang of iron hits his tongue and Steve whimpers, comes on him hot and sticky.

Yeah, that little diddy's been on repeat for a few weeks now.

The mating that can never be.

He hates himself for wanting it so badly. It's pathetic, how *broken* he is, wanting an omega for his mate when his goddamn *biology* is wired to want an alpha.

Some big-dick asshole with a fat knot to split him wide and breed him like a bitch.

Yeah, he's never been a fan and like, that's half his problem. He's always been different. Always been *off*.

His dad knew it, called him a queer his whole life. Not that it mattered whether or not he would wind up mated or not, he wasn't an alpha so he wasn't worth anything from the start. Just like his mother, his dad used to say.

Which, he really *is* just like his mother. Except he knows to keep his neck away from alpha's who have a thing for beating him black and blue.

His mother didn't know to do that.

That's how she wound up gone and Billy wound up taking the hits.

Thank god for *Maxine*.

Half of Neil's rage had vanished once he had a *real* alpha child to adore. A real *respectable* kid.

Like Billy's genetics somehow made him a disgrace.

He didn't *choose*, he wishes he could tell him. He didn't *want* to crave Steve Harrington like an addict craves a hit. He wants to be like the other alphas in their frat, confident and cocky and in *control*.

Not salivating at the very smell of his mate's shampoo.

Yeah, *mate*.

That was a new  *fucking* development. One he's been trying to tamp down since Steve had started casually hanging out with an alpha. Because he knows it's only a matter of time before he's replaced with someone who can actually *satisfy* all the needs of an omega.

And Steve is a young, virile and *hungry* omega. Always asking Billy if it's good.

*You like that baby?*

Like, *yeah* he likes it. He wouldn't keep jumping the guy if he didn't. But Steve is all about that mushy shit. The words and kisses and soft affirmations like, *yeah baby. It's so good.*

So it's no surprise an alpha had sniffed Harrington out. Found those big, dopey eyes appealing and decided to make take the pretty omega for himself.

It's only a matter of *when* he'll ditch Billy for the real deal.

Not if.

But he can't *help* himself. He can't help but hear the word in his head like a chant when he's sitting at the house, watching the game with the guys when he sees Steve pass the living room. Fresh from the library with his backpack and coffee and, yeah, all Billy can think is *mate*.

*His mate.*

Like there's a string tied from Steve's hip to Billy's right rib, he wants to follow. Everywhere. Anywhere. He wants to lie beside him every night and listen to his breathing slow. Fall asleep to the cadence of his heartbeat.

And that *bullshit* is fucking *dangerous*.

That's how hearts are broken. That's what will take his legs out from under him *when* Steve ends this *thing* between them.

That's why he has to end it first.

"We should stop." He opens the conversation with all the grace of a mack truck.

Steve turns in his desk chair, eyes Billy in the doorway to his bedroom. The door is open wide and Billy has very *intentionally* left it that way, well aware of his inclination to mounting Steve with very little prompting.

He's a slut like that.

But just for Harrington.

Which. *Ugh*.

“Stop?” Steve asks, but he doesn’t look confused. Or even *bothered*, really. Which only flares up Billy’s temper like a flame, makes him want to bark insults and stomp his feet.

Like a toddler.

“Stop *fucking*.” He declares through his teeth. “This was fun, but it’s over.”

And maybe a sick part of him had been looking forward to Steve begging him. Crying maybe. Crawling on his hands and knees to keep him.

But then again.

There’s a sick part of him that *likes it* when Steve simply smiles, puts his eraser end of his pencil against his temple.

“Yeah?”

Billy *hates* him. But he also really *really* doesn’t.

Steve’s scent is more crisp than floral. More masculine and sharp than sweet. Clean and bright like the earth after a spring rain.

“Yeah. We can’t—”

“Why not?” Steve opens his legs. And it’s *sinful* how instantly Billy’s body lights up in response. He wants to be between those thighs, on top of them, anyway he can get at Steve. He *wants* him. Always.

Steve *knows* it too. Because he's still smiling. He's smiling and tapping his stupid pencil against his leg, smack smack *smack* on the denim.

"You smell good." Steve says softly, licks his bottom lip until Billy is practically humming. It's not his deodorant that Harrington's complimenting. Or the hint of cologne that clings to him from earlier in the day. No, the smell that permeates the room is all too revealing.

The perfume of his arousal. The thick, needy scent that calls to his lover, tells him he's open and wanting, wet where it counts.

Steve breathes slowly, eyes open and *greedy*.

"Peaches." He purrs.

Too many times he's said that very word, nestled between Billy's thighs as he licks him clean, groans with delirium. *You taste so good, baby*. And it's gross how the memories send a pulse of lust to Billy's crotch. Fills him up while he slicks to dripping.

"We're done." Billy feels the need to repeat himself, despite his feet carrying him closer. Despite the door swinging closed when he pulls on it, flips the lock. "No more."

"Right." Steve nods, obedient, then lifts his hips to shove his jeans to his knees.

It never ceases to amaze him, how *big* Steve's cock gets when he's hard. Every time, it makes Billy weak. Makes him ache and anticipate the feeling of *fullness* .

"After this..." He murmurs, unzipping his jeans to get them *off* because he can't stand staring at the tent in Steve's boxers one more second.

"After what?" Steve asks, face all open and innocent and *expectant*. He's not even playing with Billy, really. If the tables were reversed, Billy would be taking advantage of the situation. He'd be teasing Steve for being so needy. For being so freaking *easy*.

But Steve isn't *easy*.

*He is.*

And Steve doesn't seem to get that.

“One last fuck?” Billy says, crudely, just to get that little wrinkle between Steve’s brows to appear. It does. Briefly. Then it vanishes when Billy shucks his shirt. Stands utterly bare in front of him like an offering.

He doesn’t wait for permission. Or an invitation. He straddles Steve’s hips in the chair and grinds them together, swallows the gasp that pops from Steve’s lips.

Then two strong hands are on his hips and Billy holds on as Steve lifts him, carries him to the bed in three short steps before they careen into the mattress.

“You’re full of shit, Hargrove.” His lover growls into his ear. Bites at his lobe. “You’re afraid.”

Billy grunts, ready to protest until Steve’s hand circles his cock, gives it a hard pull, and the air leaves his lungs in a moan.

“It’s okay.” Steve says against his chest, sucks at a nipple. “I’m afraid too.”

And, well, that *should* kill the mood.

But it doesn’t.

Steve kisses the skin on his hip, looks up to meet Billy’s eyes, and *damn him*, he looks like he *loves* him.

It takes Billy’s breath away, right before Steve ducks his head and takes his cock in his mouth, sucks him gently.

*That* always takes his breath away.

Steve takes him all the way into his throat until Billy’s moans turned to agonized pants, fingers messy in all that brown hair, and the guy doesn’t stop to breathe. He sucks sloppy and loud and fondles Billy’s balls, runs a thumb through the slick between his cheeks.

And when he pulls away, cheeks red and lips puffy, Billy reaches for him.

“Are you still seeing that guy?” Billy mutters later, almost asleep as he lies tangled in Steve’s sheets. His body feels used, a soft pounding of his heartbeat present under his skin, around his rim. He’s still loose, can still feel Steve’s come on his thighs, *inside* him.

And that just feels *right*.

There’s a rustling of the mattress and then Steve’s weight is closer, the heat of him against his arm. Billy doesn’t open his eyes.

“Peter. His name is Peter and you *know* that.”

“Answer the question, Harrington.”

“Say his name, *Billy*.”

He deserves the attitude. He doesn’t deserve the kiss on his shoulder.

When he opens his eyes, Steve’s gaze is warm, not angry. He’s *glowing*.

Billy chalks it up to Steve being thoroughly sated. But he can only lie to himself so much before he has to look the truth in the eye.

And see that Steve’s beaming from something sweeter than sex.

“Peter.” The name sits heavy on his tongue. Like stone.

“No.” Steve’s lips are dry when he presses them to Billy’s bicep. Higher to his shoulder. His jaw. “We’re just friends.” Another kiss to Billy’s cheek sends shivers down his spine. “He’s a nice guy.”

A rush of something hot fills Billy’s gut, lifts the hair on his arms, and he turns his head, meets Steve’s eyes.

“He’s an *alpha*.”

Those big hazel eyes roll as Steve sighs.

“He’s a *friend*.”

“He wants you.” Billy says, stroking a path from Steve’s lips to his chin before he lifts it.

He’s so dangerously close to saying it. Saying the word.

*Mine* .

*He wants what’s mine.*

“And I want you.” Steve says, grinning so close Billy can feel his mouth move against his lips.

At some point he knows it’ll get out. It’s impossible that it won’t. Not with all the fucking they do in the house.

Everyone fucks in the house. It’s one of the bonuses of living in the frat. No adults to tamper the sound of rampant mating going on at all hours.

But Billy leaves Steve’s room smelling like come far too often for suspicions to never arise.

They’re not all idiots, after all. They’re enrolled in an institution of higher learning so there are *some* brains rolling around in their skulls. And sooner or later someone is going to catch the smell of their mingling scents and the jig would be up.

It’s not *that* strange for omegas to fuck, but it would be hard to explain a bite. Even when it fades and heals to nothing, a bite is a mark. A thing that mates do.

He wants to mark Steve. Wants to parade around with a matching scar on his own throat.

But that’s not something they can have, even with society being as progressive as it is nowadays. It’s still not a time for him to go against nature out in the open. There are enough Neil’s in the world for him to wind up beaten to death for being in love.

So when Tommy drops, “What’s going on with you and Harrington?” Billy reacts, well.

Badly.

“The hell does that mean?” He sits up on the bench, sets down his barbell with a loud clang on the rack. His heart falls into his stomach, and he’s pretty sure his blood pressure has just spiked well passed normal, but he glares at Tommy like he’d just farted in his face. Like he’s being *annoying* instead of a threat.

“You two used to hate each other.” Tommy states, flexing in the long, floor to ceiling mirrors that run along the wall. He’s not as dedicated as Billy, doesn’t have as much to prove. He’s a beta and he follows Billy around like a sad puppy.

He’s never even considered that Billy isn’t an alpha.

After all, he could beat Tommy to death without breaking a sweat -- could overpower him easily -- with the twenty pounds of muscle he has on the guy.

So, *naturally*, Billy just lets him assume he’s an alpha.

“Now you’re like, always hanging out.” Tommy adds before he shrugs.

Billy wonders when he’d seen him and Harrington *hanging out*, but can’t place a particular moment. He feels like he’s *always* finding a way to slip into Steve’s room unnoticed.

But out in the open? They’re just two guys, living in the same house.

Unless someone *said* something.

“We don’t hang out.” Billy mutters, stands so Tommy can take his place. He wiggles on the bench, getting into place, and Billy digs a thumb into the meat of his own palm. Kneads it until it hurts.

“So you’re just fucking him?” Tommy says, then grins up at him with a big, slimy *gotcha* on his face. What the giant idiot doesn’t know is Billy’s heart stops in his chest.

“Right.” Billy manages to snort while he rolls his eyes, watching Tommy lift the barbell from the rack and start his set. “Yeah, not my type.”

“Harrington. Is. Everyone’s. Type.” Tommy grunts each word, muscles bulging as he works the weight. “He’s. An. Omega.”

Something in Billy’s stomach burns hot, starts to make him sweat in earnest.

“So I should hit it because he’s unclaimed?” He asks, not expecting Tommy to *laugh* when he does. The guy finishes a few reps, then sets the bar in the rack.

“Hell yes. That’s what omegas are for, Hargrove. Hitting then quitting.” Tommy groans when he stands, stretches out his arms. “And Harrington is a good lay, so. Yeah, go for it.”

And, well.

He might feel *sick*, but it doesn’t stop him from asking the question.

“You’ve fucked Harrington?”

What he wants to snarl is *back the fuck off* and his tone reeks of a warning, but Tommy is oblivious, looking himself over in the mirrors again.

“Yeah, once.” He flexes a bicep as Billy plots his murder. “Little slut whined about me being *too big* the whole time, it was hot.”

Billy doesn’t really know what happens after that. Except, one minute he’s standing and listening to Tommy, the next he’s snarling and leaning over Tommy’s face as he pins him to the wall, hands tangled in the guy’s shirt as he lifts him from the floor.

“Billy *what the fuck* —“

And it’s there, *right there*, on the tip of his tongue. The magic words.

*He is mine.*

But he swallows them down. Buries the impulse in his gut where it swarms like a hive of bees until he unfurls his fingers from Tommy's shirt. The guy pulls away the second Billy releases him, sputtering and frowning at him like he's lost his mind.

Which, in all fairness, he has.

"If the frat heard you talking about omegas like that, you'd get tossed." Billy snaps. "So do us all a favor and shut the fuck up."

His temper has always been incendiary. Since the age of seven when Declan Turner called him a runt.

Which, seriously *fuck* him.

Declan had needed stitches after Billy had been through with him.

As an adult, he's learned to channel that rage. Put it to use. Sometimes on a treadmill. Sometimes on a punching bag.

Sometimes on a face.

But he can't quite focus this, this *frustration*, festering in his marrow. He's really fucking *mad* and he doesn't know what to *do* with it.

So he does the only logical thing he can think to do.

He finds Steve at the library, chatting with his big boyfriend, and he breaks a chair over the alpha's head.

It doesn't solve much. But.

It feels fucking *good*.

#### **Author's Note:**

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